

LAUGH BOOK

DECEMBER, 1959 P. D. C. MAGAZINE

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1959 **December** 1959

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Charley Jones'

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CHARLES E. JONES, Editor & Publisher



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Letter from Charley

Dear Friends:

I guess it was a little after seven-thirty yesterday morning. I was the only one up at that unholy hour of the day. I was sitting at the breakfast nook table inhaling a spot of coffee. Chauncey, who insists on coming in the house for a few minutes at the crack of dawn every day, was stretched out across my bare feet keeping them warm.

The door bell buzzed. It was the front door. And there I sat clothed solely in a pair of shorts. I aroused Chauncey from his nap, crept silently to the front of the house and peeked through the venetian blinds.

Continued on Page 42



That's Earl, Brother!

Selected From Earl Wilson's Column

"It Happened Last Night"

Visiting New York, Mrs. Paul Hinkel of Charleston, W. Va., told how, when she'd freshly arrived from England, her American hosts showed her all the American industries and then took her to a fun house where secret air blasts blew her skirts over her head.

"Goodness!" she complained. "Don't you Americans do anything by hand?"

The stock market flurry naturally caused excitement on the Riviera. Two American financiers were sunning themselves at Cannes. One said, "I think the sea is rising." The other excitedly shouted: "Sell!"

Red Skelton says those Gabor girls never carry a grudge — they never hate a guy so much they'll give his diamonds back. . . . Al Cooper claims you can always pick out the lush at a wedding. He's the guy who wants to kiss the bride — and punch the groom. . . . They tell of the kid whose parents predicted big things for

him. They were right, too — he wears size 12 shoes.

Steve Cochran is amazed that guys'll choose wives in light they wouldn't buy a suit by. . . . Dorothy Collins literally fell on her face singing at the Thunderbird and fractured her left arm, which she now wears in a chic black silk sling, bedecked with interlocked diamond hearts — "I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve," she says. "Would you believe it? After my fall, somebody said, 'Was that real? I thought it was part of your act.'"

Disk Jockey Jim Lowe says he began to read the dictionary but couldn't wait for the end: "I peeked at the last page. The zebra did it." . . . Broadway dialogue: "I wish I could afford to smoke" . . . "But aren't you always smoking?" . . . "That's it — I wish I could afford it."

Connie Towers (with husband, Gene McGrath) flew back from Panama to rehearse for John

Ford's new picture, "Buffalo Boy," in which she rides a horse. "Everybody thinks I'm very polite standing up when I'm introduced — but actually it hurts when I sit down," Connie said.

A phony who manages to be away from the table when the waiter brings the check (says Roger Price) is an after-dinner sneaker.

In Hollywood, claims Jackie Kannon, the last time some married couples see each other is at the wedding. . . . *Too many people these days are building new homes on the outskirts of their income.* — Bill (Cavanagh's) Malester.

Ex-almost heavyweight champion Billy Conn is always being picked on by drunks who want to fight him. One night in Pittsburgh he got caught in a free-for-all. Somebody yelled, "Stop, you guys! The police are coming." Billy moaned, "What's keeping them?"

A successful young comic who made good with the arduous coaching of Julius Monk of the Downstairs Room said, "How can I ever thank you?" Julius replied, "Try money." . . . "Somebody took my car" . . . "Did you tell the the sheriff?" . . . "He took it!" — Graham, Tex., Scandal Sheet. . . . Marty Allen spotted a much-married gal in Lindy's and cracked, "There she is — Divorcee of America."

H. C. Diefenbach claims it's a serious mistake for a girl of 25

to marry a man of 55 for his money. He should be at least 85. . . . *Learn from others' mistakes — since you won't have time to make all of them yourself.* — Irish Digest. . . . Marguerite Piazza defines fashion as that thing that goes in one year and out the other.

Jean Martin reports that in Alaska there's a whole new industry booming — thawed food.



Josette Banzet, shapely French-born actress accidentally locked herself in an upstairs phone booth at Toots Shor's.



Kim Novak's become a New Yorker! She took over an East Side apartment, she'll occupy few months a year.

Muttered by a TV star: "I see that Arthur Godfrey is now able to sit up and fire people."

George De Witt's bulletin from Rome: "Heard two Italians talking. One said, 'Let's eat some American food.' Other said, 'Nas, it's too light on your stomach.'" . . . Bob Hope explained why dinner's so expensive in Paris. Says he was impatient about not getting the check after asking for it, and the waiter said "One moment—they're still multiplying it, sir."

Comedian Jack Waldron has done some hilarious reminiscing in the Lambs Club Script magazine: "I remember my best friend's wedding in Las Vegas . . . nothing elaborate . . . The preacher just said 'I now make you one the hard way' . . . I remember when I found a wallet with \$700 in it . . . I believe honesty is the best policy . . . I put an ad in the Budapest Times . . . I remember the late Jim Thornton's great crack: 'Opportunity knocks but once. The second time it's the house detective' . . . I remember vaudeville; I was always as busy as a mustard paddle at Max's Stage Delicatessen . . . I remember when I was almost killed in the Automat. I was eating a piece of pie and the little door fell down and hit me in the neck. . . . I remember when I was an elevator operator at the old Yates Hotel in Syracuse . . . They fired me . . . I couldn't remember the route."

Steve Rockefeller knows how to solve the servant problem, says

Si Seadler: he marries them . . . Errol Flynn's autobiography (according to Bill Ambros of Milwaukee) should be titled: "Where Did You Go?" 'Out.' 'What Did You Do?' 'Plenty!'" . . . Johnny (ABC-TV) Carson tells of the mattress tester who was fired for standing up on the job.

Jean Carroll offers this simile: "He's as important as a parachute on a submarine." . . . *We suspect a certain Broadway character has secret information about a third baseball league. He's been buying up frankfurter stock. . . . Anyone who thinks the younger generation isn't creative should watch teenagers building a sandwich.* — Vesta M. Kelly.

Remembered dialog: Ed Murrow to Joe E. Louis: "I hear you drink pretty good?" Joe E.: "If I drank as much as you smoke I'd have drowned years ago."

Henry Morgan says that with all the talent that deserts Hollywood for New York TV and vice versa, it's strange that so little ever shows up in either place.

"I whistled at a movie star and she turned and followed me; it was Lassie," says Jack Herbert.

"Marriage is just one undarned thing after another." — Lionel Hampton. . . . *Taffy Tuttle at the Cafe St. Denis said the only thing she doesn't like about habit-forming pills is that she can't stop taking them. . . . Robt. Q. Lewis says one of the new tonics is so*



Joan Esme Rylander appeared on NBC-TV's "What Makes Sammy Run?"

strong that his grandmother took one sip and began helping Boy Scouts across the street.

An Open and Shut Case

—or—

Who Slammed That Door?

By Gilbert Barnhill



Have you ever noticed people and Doors? I mean the way people react to doors. As nearly as I can see there are only two types of doors, but four types of people.

The first type of door is the revolving door. There is very little that people can do with a revolving door except push it around, and maybe get their umbrellas caught in it.

The other type of door, the plain ordinary door that swings back and forth on hinges, is the door that divides people into four types.

First, there is the type of per-

son who leaves every door he passes through — open. He also likes to hold your front door open and talk to you when it's 34 below zero outside. Or you're driving along and your car door flies open and knocks a policeman down because this type didn't close it when he got out.

Then there is the opposite type, who closes every door he sees, and slams it usually. He likes to close all sorts of things — drawers, toilet seats, manholes. You're working on the engine of your car and he comes along and slams down the hood — right on your arm.

The third type is the kind that is never satisfied to leave a sleeping door lie. Give them a door that's closed, and they'll open it. Or give them an open door, and they close it. You know the type. You open the door of your hotel room, load your arms with suitcases, and then he comes walking down the hallway and closes it right in your face. And you're holding the key between your teeth.

Or that is you were. Or else you close the door to your den and spread your income tax material out on the table, and he throws open the door, and a gust of wind—but why go on.

Then there is the fourth type—Me. I am proud to say that I have never once been guilty of committing any of the offenses mentioned. That's because I never use a door!

I always use the chimney. That's why they call me Santa Claus.



"But, how do I know you're not married?"
Laugh Book John Stabler

TOO MUCH FOR ONE

A drunk was weaving his way along the dock when the piercing whistle of the Queen Mary tore asunder the afternoon quietness for miles around. He walked up to a stranger standing nearby, and demanded to know what the noise was.

The stranger proved to be rather loquacious and explained that the whistle came from the steamship Queen Mary which, incidentally was the largest vessel afloat and if stood on end would be higher than the Empire State building.

The drunk thought it over for a moment and then said, "Okay, but you'll have to help me."

Jack Herbert

**BIG
EYES
FOR A
COOL
YULE?**



**THEN DO DIG THE
BACK COVER**

PITY THE FARMER

*A farmer once called his cow,
"Xephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr,
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer's much
dephyr.*

HOW TO CUT YOUR OWN TOENAILS

By A. C. Stone



In this day and age of "Do-it-Yourself" I think that it's high time that those of you who still have your wife cut your toenails for you (like a Pansy Yokum) found out just how simple it is to clip your own. There are several time-tested methods.

First — The Guillotine method. This necessitates the construction of a miniature guillotine (blueprints available from the

French government) using a weighted razor blade to perform the actual surgery. Careful application of this tool leaves a perfectly square-cut nail, which eliminates ingrown toenails. Careless application eliminates the whole toe.

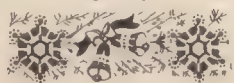
Next, The Nail Clipper method. Several years ago a clever chap invented a spring-like device specifically designed for removing toenails. This handy gadget scientifically rounds the offending nail to the correct shape and length with hardly any effort on your part. The one disadvantage to this method is the exercise involved in bending over a pot-belly to get at your pedal digits. Not recommended for anyone with a bad heart.

A friend of mine, a born extrovert, has invented the fastest

method of all. He uses the sanding disc on his electric drill. I'll have more to report on this method as soon as they remove his bandages.

The old fashioned among us will want to stick to snipping with scissors. I've no objection to this method but it is only practical in the case of a bachelor. Any married man will certify that although there may be ten pairs of scissors in the house none will be available come the nail cutting season. Efforts to locate them will only involve you in an idiotic conversation. ("The scissors? No, dear, I haven't seen them since I trimmed the hedge. Perhaps Junior had them. I think he wanted to open a tin.") An hour or two of this will lead to nervous prostration and you'll usually end up, as I do, using the butcher knife. (You can hardly notice the limp.)

But there is one habit that you should avoid at all costs. Never, under any provocation, start to bite your toenails! Better by far to ignore this whole article and let your wife continue her surgical duties. Who knows, she may be a frustrated chiropodist anyway.



"And, sir, it isn't only the money he's been getting into."

Laugh Book

George Ludway

TOO CROWDED

For many years the man and his wife had occupied twin beds. On the night of their tenth anniversary the wife woke up about half-past eleven at night. She was very indignant.

"I don't care if it is our tenth anniversary," she said. "It makes no difference. Go on back to your own bed!"

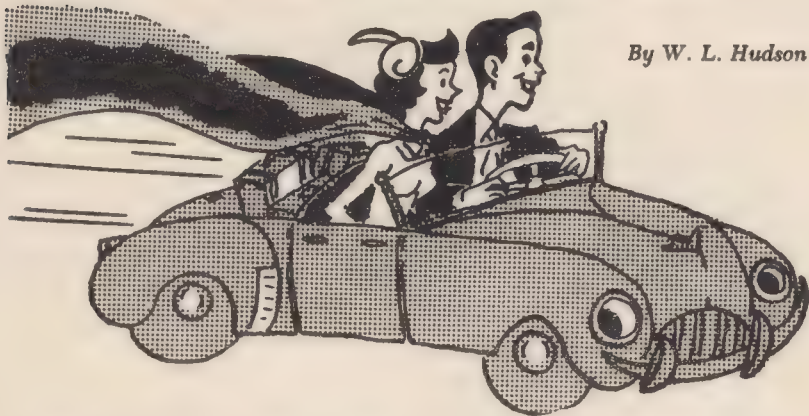
IN RECOGNITION

"I'm delighted with what you have collected for the local hospital, Mrs. Jones."

"Well, Madam, I feel I owe so much to the hospital. You know, my husband died there."

My Wife Is a Mathematical Genius

By W. L. Hudson



We stopped overnight at Plymouth, Wis., and by the time I was through registering Ruth had learned that this was a cheese center. I was unimpressed until she pointed out that failure to visit a cheese plant when we were right on the home ground would be like a tourist visiting the national capitol for the first time without looking at the Washington monument.

I'd never realized there were so many kinds of cheese. Some with sharp bite, others medium, some mild, a cheese for macaroni, one for melting on toast, one for apple pie, one for rye bread, one for crackers, and so on. The lady in charge didn't ask us to take her word but in-

sisted upon tasting. I tasted so much cheese I was sure I'd be absent at the dinner table. This was fun until I noticed the lady busy with order blank and pencil with Ruth doing the dictating. When the score was added we owed the firm \$16.43.

Driving home I mentioned that since there were only two mouths to feed at our house and that to my knowledge we didn't plan to open a delicatessen, it seemed to me we were oversupplied with cheese.

"You miss the point," said Ruth, "we only followed your own philosophy of economy."

"How do you mean?"

"You always say shipping is at least 20% of the price we pay. Well, there's no such cost here,

so we save 20% of \$16.00 or \$3.20 —reducing the cost to us to \$12.80.”

Before I was through gasping she proceeded: “How many times have I heard you say the middleman’s take is at least 40%? Now 40% of \$12.80 is \$5.12 thus reducing the price to \$7.68.”

“But listen —”

“Oh, I’m not through yet. Whenever you’re home when groceries are delivered you never fail to say the grocer makes 100% so that reduces the price to —”

“Wait a minute,” I screamed.

“Oh, one thing more,” I seem to hear, “when groceries are delivered I simply must give the boy a 25 cent tip —”

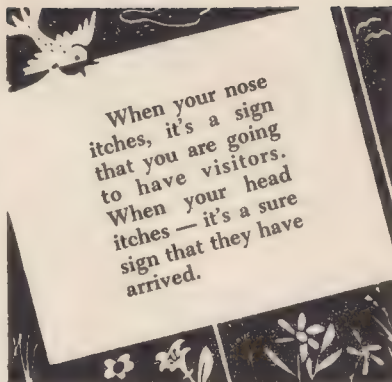
“Good heavens,” I gnashed, “we not only got the cheese for nothing but have actually made a profit!”



AND HURRY, TOO

“Now,” said the teacher, after reading her pupils a typical business letter, “I will ask you a few questions. First, can anyone tell me what the phrase ‘At the earliest convenience’ means?”

One of the brightest boys shot his hand up immediately. “Please miss,” he answered. “It means the lavatory nearest the school gates.”



HARDLY WORTHWHILE

The clock in the railroad station steeple has collected a coating of grime on its face and a steeplejack had been commissioned to clean it.

He mounted a tall ladder against the building and was ascending to complete his chore when a drunk passed by.

The drunk looked up at the workman and said, “Boy, is he nearsighted!”

NOT ELMER

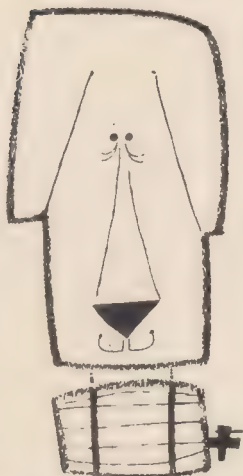
DINER: Two eggs please. Don’t fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don’t turn them over. Not too much grease. Just a pinch of salt. No pepper. Well, waiter, what are you waiting for?

WAITER: The hen’s name is Eleanor, is that all right?

Gene Yasenak

HE TALKED TOO MUCH

By Joseph O. Covington



I sure do miss Old Drum. I always knew he wasn't just an ordinary houn' dog. True, he was a good hunter and many are the bags of game we came in with. But as he grew older, he seemed to lose interest in the hunt and just preferred hanging around, just watching me. Honest, I couldn't get an inch away from that dog. Here of late he seemed to prefer my favorite chair as a place to sleep and bitterly resented my attempts to dislodge him, so I finally gave up and let him have it.

Then he developed the drinking habit. Every time I took a

highball he begged so hard for one, with those great big talking eyes of his, that I finally gave in and gave him one. He liked it. The next thing I knew, he had to have one every time I did. Of course I didn't mind that so much. It was rather nice to have a drinking companion, especially one who let me do all the talking.

But the thing that really threw me was the night the Old Woman and I had the fight about the little widow Brown, who lived on the place next to ours. She accused me of being too thick with her. As a matter of fact she had accused me of being over to see her that day. This little widow had recently lost her husband. She was a cute number and I felt sorry for her. After the fight old Drum and I were up in my room having a drink or two, and I was really boiling. The idea of her accusing me of improper relations with the little widow! And besides, how did she know I had been over there that day? I'd only gone over to see her about her horse.

After about five, or six drinks, old Drum looked over at me and growled.

"Boss, I wouldn't stand for it."

"What did you say," I almost screamed, for I had distinctly

heard that dog speak, and reaching for the bottle, I downed a real one.

"I said I wouldn't stand for it," he repeated, and reaching for the bottle, he placed it between his paws and downed a real whopper.

"If I wanted to go over and help that little widow with her horse, I'd go," he growled, again reaching for the bottle.

"Ye Gods! A talking dog," I exclaimed, looking at him.

"So what," he growled, winking at me. "She sure is a cute little number, isn't she? And did you notice how red her comb is getting?"

"When did you start talking," I managed to stammer?

"Oh, I could always talk when I had enough of this corn juice. The Indians sure knew what they were doing when they named it TALKING WATER. As a matter of fact, in one of my former lives, I belonged to an Indian Chief who named this stuff TALKING WATER because it started me to talking."

"Well, I'll be damned!" I managed to stammer, looking at him. By now I could have sworn he was twins.

"Why don't you throw the Old Woman out and take in that cute little thing?"

"I can't," I managed to reply,



"How would you like to come up to my place and see my etchings, and can you get another art lover for my friend?"
Laugh Book *Manent*

"she has more money than Carter had pills, seeing as how her old man had owned a distillery.

"Is that bad?" growled old Drum, and looking at me with a queer glint in his eye, he continued. "Tell me something, Boss. When we were over there in the barn today, looking at her horse, she took you up to the hay loft to show you her hay. What was the argument about up there when you started wrestling? She was quite a wrestler, though, until she started groaning and gave up and . . ."

That's when I shot old Drum, right between the eyes!



Movies are no better than ever

By Gilbert Barnhill

All I said was "Is that right" and the fight started. Just like that.

I was quietly minding my own business, and I happened to casually say "Is that right," and War was declared.

My wife had the evening paper spread out on top of the dinner dishes and was studying it intently. I was idly thumbing through the want ads waiting my turn at the funnies.

Suddenly she says "Do you realize we haven't been to a movie since before we were married!"

"Is that right," I said.

That was it. The beginning of hostilities.

"Yes, that's right," she said. "I must be getting so old and ugly you don't want to be seen in public with me anymore."

"What are you talking about.

Why should we go to a movie when we can sit right here at home and watch a movie on television free of charge."

"It's not the same at all. You're ashamed of me."

"The only difference between a movie in a theater and a movie on television is that on TV the commercials come in the middle instead of at the end."

"It's still not the same. You don't think I'm pretty anymore."

"What do you mean, you look fine to me."

"Then why won't you take me out to a movie?"

"I didn't say I wouldn't take you out to a movie."

"All right, where shall we go."

"Now wait a minute."

"I was right, I'm not pretty anymore."

"All right, all right, we'll go to a movie."

"Maybe you would rather I bought my ticket separately."

"You can stop now, we're going. I still don't see the difference between going downtown to a movie and watching one on TV."

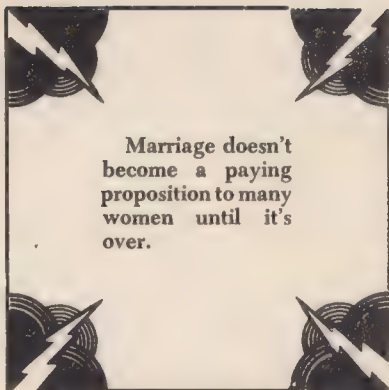
"There's a lot of difference. You don't have to get dressed up to watch television."

About an hour later she comes out of the bedroom redecorated like she wanted to prove our credit was good.

The movie we went to was a thing called BLOOD, GUTS, AND EYEBALLS, "The true story romance behind the Battle of Bunker Hill."

I would tell you what it was about, but I never really got much of a chance to watch it.

First of all, everytime I go to a movie it's my luck to sit behind a fidgeter. This time he was sitting two rows in front of me. I was just getting settled enough to follow the story when he starts to fidget. He leans over in his seat to the right. The guy ahead of me leans over to the left where I am, so I lean up to the middle. Then he fidgets some more and leans over to the left. The guy in front of me leans up to the middle, so I lean over to the right. A little more of this and I think maybe I'll get sea sick. He fidgets again and the



Marriage doesn't become a paying proposition to many women until it's over.

guy in front of me leans over to the right, and I quick lean back to the left. But it's no use. By now I've lost the thread of the story anyway.

I suggest to my wife that we move, and we slide over two seats.

I'm getting settled again when the woman behind me asks if I would mind sitting pigeon-toed for a few minutes because the string in her beads just broke. Well, by the time we get her pearls picked up the show is over and the lights go on.

My wife says "Now isn't this much nicer than watching television?"

If she hadn't been so dressed up I would have slugger her.

The lights go out, and a young couple comes in and sits down in front of us. The plot is beginning to unfold when suddenly



Laugh Book

John Rosol

they put their heads together and kiss, blocking my view! I move my head to where his was, but it's a short smooch and he moves right back. I move back and look between them again, and just when the action is getting crucial — "smack." I move over. He moves back. I move, he moves. I move, he moves. "Smack, smuck, smurk."

"For heavens sake," my wife says, "Sit still!"

So I sit still, and the only part of the movie I see is when he isn't kissing her.

Then, to make matters worse, a family comes in and sits down behind us. Mom, Dad, and Junior. Unfortunately Junior isn't big enough to sit on a seat and see the picture, so he stands on the floor between his parents'

legs and leans on the back of my seat.

"Sniffle, sniffle, snuffle, snuffle, cough, cough." The movie has an ultra Hi Fi Stereophonic sound track, but all I can hear is Junior going "sniffle, sniffle, snuffle snuffle, cough, cough."

Then he starts "smacking" a chewy caramel. "Smack, slurp, sniffle, cough, slurp, snuffle, smack, sniffle!"

I turn my head and give him a cold, withering stare. He sneezes right in my face.

That's why I can't tell you what the movie was about. If you are really interested, I suggest you read the book.

Far into the night that night, while my wife snored peacefully, I lay awake planning my counterattack.

The next afternoon during my lunch hour I went shopping and purchased a number of items. That evening I was ready for the conflict to resume.

My wife was thumbing through the paper looking for the movie page. "Well," she says, "What shall we go see to-night?"

"We don't have to go out to-night to see a movie," I says. "This afternoon I bought everything we need to set up our own little theater right here at home. A screen, projector, and if you

like the sound of pop-corn popping right in your ear, an automatic popper."

My wife looks at me with one eyebrow raised.

"Tonight's feature film is entitled 'Abbott and Costello meet the Lewis and Clark Expedition,' and as an extra added attraction 'The Joe Louis fights with Tony Galento.' Also selected short subjects such as a cartoon called 'Krazy Kat joins the NRA,' and 'Newsreel highlights from 1942.' You go change your clothes while I . . ."

But by now I am talking to myself. My wife has walked into the front room and turned on the television set.

ISN'T POSSIBLE

For a good 15 minutes the three women at the next table had gone after a mutual acquaintance hammer and tongs. Finally came a brief silence, then one of them sighed, "I tell you, she's a real menace. You don't know that woman like I do."

"Oh, yes I do," countered another. "I know her every bit as well as you do."

"Piffle," snorted the first woman. "How could you possibly know her as well as I do? I'm her best friend."

Bill Gold

BESIDES IT'S STICKY



He swept the girl into his arms and planted a kiss on her lips; then he drew back looking pained. "Will you please stop chewing gum while I'm kissing you?" he complained.

The girl shrugged. "I can't understand you," she said peevishly . . . "the slightest little things annoy you!"

HE'S PARTICULAR

Lady of the house to maid: "My husband doesn't like me in this underwear, so you can have it."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be much use, Ma'am . . . he doesn't like me in it, either!"

SHOOT THE WORKS

Father: "So you've come about my daughter's hand?"

Prospective son-in-law: "Yes, please Sir! I want both of them, and all parts attached."



An Out-of-this-world
gift idea!

SEE BACK COVER

LESSON WELL EARNED

He stood watching the farmer, who was ploughing. Instead of using horses he had a bull harnessed to the plough. Having watched the procedure for some time he approached the farmer and said: "Excuse me asking, but why do you use that bull for ploughing when you have two good horses in the next field?"

The farmer looked at him for a minute and then replied: "Well, Sir, I'm just teaching this bull that life isn't all pleasure!"

"WORKING MOTHER"

Income

Gross pay — \$60.00 week.

Net after deductions (income tax, social security tax, unemployment insurance, retirement fund) \$43.75

Outgo

Nursery care for 3 children	\$18.00	
Cleaning woman one-half day per week	7.50	
Increased cost of quick-cooking steaks to replace slow-cooking stews	4.00	
Transportation — car pool	2.00	
Morning coffee — 5 @ 10¢	.50	
Afternoon coke — 5 @ 10¢	.50	
Lunches — 5 @ 60¢	3.00	
Irresistible bargains seen on lunch hour	2.00	
Loss in weekly check pool	.50	
2 pairs nylons (due to splintery chair)	2.50	
Contributions for employees marrying, quitting or multiplying	.75	
Tranquilizer pills	2.50	\$43.75

It is predicted that the Christmas purchases this year will break all records. However no estimate is made as to how much of it will finally be paid for.

Joe Salak

Little Elsie (at her first church wedding) — "Mummy, did the lady change her mind?"

Mother — "What do you mean?"

Elsie — "Well, she went up the aisle with one man and came down with another."

BE CAREFUL

Young man (with old-fashioned ways): "Darling, may I kiss your hand?"

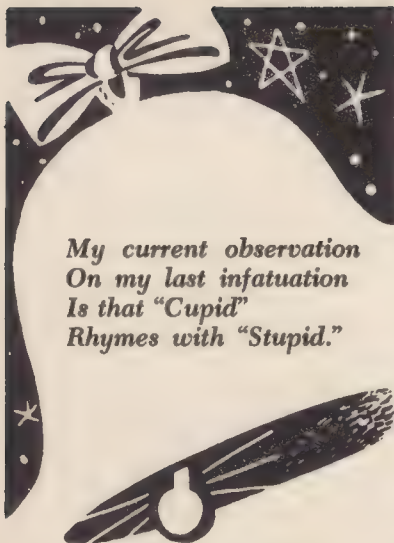
Modern Jane: "Sure, kid, hop to it, but be careful you don't burn your nose on my cigarette."

ONE CONSOLATION

A young mother was paying a visit to her doctor. She made no attempt to restrain her five-year-old son, who was ransacking an adjoining treatment room. But finally an extra-loud clatter of bottles did prompt her to say, "I hope, doctor, you don't mind Billy making a little noise in your treatment room."

"No," said the doctor calmly. "He'll be quiet in a moment — when he gets to the poisons."





*My current observation
On my last infatuation
Is that "Cupid"
Rhymes with "Stupid."*

FIRST HAND KNOWLEDGE

Little Bobby: "I just knocked over the ladder in the garden, Mama."

Mother: "Well, you'd better tell your daddy."

Little Bobby: "He knows. He's hanging from the bedroom window."

TIES AND EYES

*I love my wife; my wife loves me
I favor ties that bind;
But 'neath the tree on Christmas
Day I find some ties that blind.*

ALL THE TRIMMINGS

Horried father watching daughter select costly wedding gown said to his wife: "I don't mind giving her in marriage, but must she be gift wrapped?"

EXPERIENCED

A prominent judge, who was an enthusiastic golfer, had occasion to question a boy witness in a criminal suit.

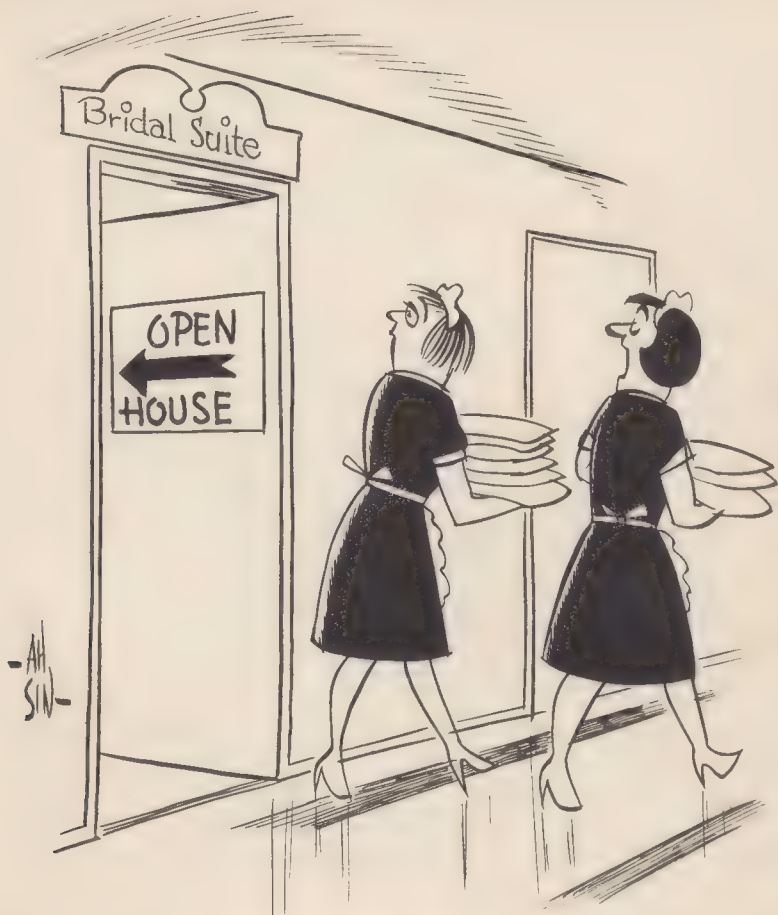
Judge: "Now, my boy, are you sure that you know the nature and significance of an oath — that is, what an oath really means?"

The boy looked up at the judge in surprise, and then answered: "Why, of course I do, Judge. Don't I caddy for you at the Country Club?"

I, ME, FLY OR FLEA

Pat had recently arrived in this country and was having a hard time mastering correct English. Finally, Mike, a fully Americanized policeman, told him, "Pat, don't say, 'It is me.' Say 'It is I.' And remember that by saying to yourself, 'It is I said the spider to the fly.'"

Several days later Pat came to Mike and said, "Shure, O'im getting along foine, Oi just remember that 'It is me, said the spider to the flea,' and Oi get it right every toime."



"Poor Kid! She was left waiting at the church!"

Laugh Book

Ah Sin

STAR PLAYER

Dean: "Oh what a cute little baby; red-headed, too. Was his father that red-headed?"

College Gal: "I don't know. He didn't take his football helmet off!"



EXTRA



Mother Hubbard Exposed

By Reginald Brandywine

most of the time but Ma had to go without her favorite brand of chewing tobacco which was a real cut. Bettin' on the bang-tails meant no bones for Bowser and no chew for Ma.

I'm happy to report that Ma appeared on one of those big New York quiz programs last year and cleared up all her troubles. She won \$64,000,000, three producing oil wells, and a cattle ranch in Montana.

To put a really happy ending to her story, she married her bookie, had the dog gassed, and moved to her ranch where they are having a ball raising thoroughbreds. For those who are naturally curious, Ma's category on the quiz program was "Race Horses" which just goes to show you out of evil comes good.

The time has come for little children to know the truth about Mother Hubbard and her starv-ing mutt. I hate to be the one to snitch on Ma but the truth is that the neighborhood bookie had the old gal in a bind. She was in hock to him to the tune of her next forty Social Security checks and the dog and Ma were about ready to start gnaw-ing on each other. Not only were they both half-starved

There's quite a bit of difference in the looks of a bathing girl 10 years ago and today. The men, however, are looking the same.

"You seem to have plenty of intelligence," snapped the lawyer.

"If I wasn't on oath, I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE

*There was a young girl named Pam
Who jauntily jumped on a tram;
When she'd safely embarked,
The conductor remarked:
"Your fare, miss." She answered,
"I am."*

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

"What part of an hour is ten minutes?" asked the teacher.

"Do you mean when you say we can play for ten minutes or when Dad says he's going out for ten minutes?" asked the bright pupil.

WHAT'S NEXT?

It was the end of the third week of their honeymoon and the husband was very angry.

"What a honeymoon!" he said. "The first week you get food poisoning, last week indigestion, and now this week you're sunburnt!"

A LETTER TO SANDY CLAWS



Dere Sandy Claws:

*I yam seven yeres ole now
an mi pop stil sez u ar tha man
whoo brinks tha toyz at chris-
mus tim. now las yere i rote u
a leter wich sed u shud brink
me a swel cigret liter lik mi
pop has gott an i sed not too
brink me no sledd ar kid toyz
an u brank tha junk enywa wit
out tha cigret liter. thiss yere
i aint askin fer nothin caws i
want a pipe lik shurlok homes
haz. i no u wunt brink it so
foolie on u an dunt com aron
mi hous caws i think u ar nertz
lik al them fellas werein redd
soots down on mane st.*

Sez me.

Mike

Kenneth C. Jones





*Rock-a-bye baby
On the tree top
Don't you fall out
It's a helluva drop.*

MAKE ONE WATER

Two college men entered a bar and took seats just below the television set. "What'll you have?" asked the bartender.

"Make mine a Martini," one of them said.

"Martini," repeated the bartender, marking down on his pad. "What about the fruit?"

"Oh, he doesn't drink," replied the college man.

NICE, THOUGH

"We're proud of it, but it sure cost a lot," a housewife said in reporting details of the family's new home. "Now we know what it means to be housebroke."

Quin Ryan overheard it: "I'm going home to mother. I should have listened to her 20 years ago." . . . "Go ahead — she's still talking!"

SAME FEELING

Sam: "When I look at you my heart turns over. Don't you get the same feeling when you look at me?"

Pam: "Yes, only with me it's my stomach."

THEY MIGHT BE TASTY

Hubby — "Darling, this black current tart is lovely."

Wifey — "Don't be daft — that's a custard tart."

Hubby — "Custard? — But it's black!"

Wifey — "Oh no, it isn't — just you knock the flies off it and then you'll see the proper color."

THAT'S TOO MUCH

"Well," said the officer, "I must say your men know their camouflage, sergeant. I've not seen one of them — where are they?"

"That fallen tree you're sitting on is one of them, sir," replied the sergeant.

Whereupon Private Bloggs got up and said, "I've had one leg cut off with a wood-cutter; I've had three dogs around me all morning; then a couple came and carved their names on my chest . . . but when a squirrel came and put his nuts away for the winter — that was the last straw!"

The original title of the movie, "Shake Hands with the Devil" was "How Do You Do, Mr. Khrushchev!"

DOOM DAY

Bachelor: "Congratulations on your marriage! This is the happiest day of your life."

Bridegroom: "But I don't get married until tomorrow!"

Bachelor: "That's just what I mean!"

IT'S ALL BAD

Magistrate: "When you knocked the defendant down, what did he say before striking you?"

Motorist: "Do I leave the bad language out, Sir?"

Magistrate: "Most certainly!"

Motorist: "Not a word!"



HE HAS THE TALENT



In darkest India the gallant explorer penetrated yet further into the recesses of a giant cave. Presently his eyes made out the figure of an idol, and he moved forward to touch it.

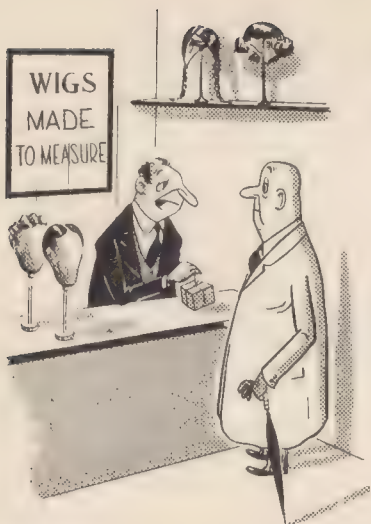
A deep voice echoed cavernously, "White man — do not touch the idol!"

"Oh, perish the idol!" replied the explorer bravely.

"Foolish white man — no one may perish the idol," came the rolling voice.

"My young brother could," retorted the explorer. "He's the most idle perisher in Great Britain!"

Some men defy old age, still believing they're as good as they never were.



"Thank you, sir — and now, how about a packet of our artificial dandruff?"

On the highway near Santa Cruz, Calif., is a fruit stand with a big sign, visible for quite a piece down the road. The sign says "All the apple juice you can drink for 10 cents."

But if you go to the counter you will see another sign. It says, "Remember, apple juice is a laxative."

Jack E. Conner

THAT'S TRUE

*It takes a whiz of a wizard,
With a super sort of a knack,
To scratch the spot that itches —
On the other fellow's back.*

Margaret Schooley

The ultimate in frustration is that of a forger who practiced a victim's signature for four months only to have the check returned from the bank marked, "Insufficient Funds."

Jack Herbert

Senators look down on congressmen, congressmen look down on governors, governors look down on legislators, legislators look down on the common citizen and the common citizen just looks down because he has no one to look up to.

Ernest Rogers

WOULDN'T THINK OF IT

A lady entered a pet shop and said, "Have you got a jacket that would fit my dog? It will help to keep him warm during the winter months."

"What size is the dog, madam?" asked the assistant.

The lady made vague suggestions of height and length with her hands. The assistant was no wiser and said —

"I'm afraid that I'm very vague as to the exact measurements, madam. Could you bring the dog along, and then we could fit him with the jacket?"

"Certainly not," exclaimed the woman, "It's for the dog's birthday and I want it to be a surprise."

A Guilty Conscience

By Joseph O. Covington

A man had a traveling show consisting of a monkey and a hippopotamus. They could both talk and created quite a bit of interest. It seemed that this was the first hippopotamus ever known to talk.

One day this show came to a town where a wealthy sportsman lived. He was quite a character and he became very much interested in this show, especially the talking monkey. He thought that act was the cleverest thing he had ever seen. He tried to buy the show from the owner, but the owner did not want to sell. But the wealthy man kept insisting and raising the ante, until the owner was practically forced to sell.

Before making the deal, however, the prospective purchaser insisted on proof that the animals really could talk, so he had the owner go across the street, but the animals talked just the same as they did when the owner was present. Now thoroughly satisfied, the new owner



paid over the cash and proudly departed with his new menagerie.

The former owner went in to the bar and ordered a drink; then two; then three. After a while he began to cry in his drinks.

"What's wrong, Bud, sorry you sold those animals of yours? Mighty fine sum you got for them, believe me. Far more than they were worth," remarked the bartender.

"Oh, it's not that," replied the man, wiping his eyes, "It's because I feel so guilty cheating that poor man like I did. Do you know, that hippopotamus can't speak a word. It was that monkey doing all the talking; he's a ventriloquist!"

If nobody knows the trouble you've seen, you
don't live in a small town.

Uncle Charley Grant's Epigrams



Millie Wright says when God made man he messed up the job, then he made women. . . . When Russia reads about our mental health drives she probably thinks we're all nuts. . . . Uncle Sam is not only livin' beyond his income but ours too.

. . .

Zed Peters wants a job where he'll be in sight of the clock and out of sight of the boss. . . . You're never too old to learn, and what you learn makes you old.

. . .

Tod Bolton is unlucky, he got kicked by a horse, then got married. . . . Jr. Hinch's idea of rock and roll is to throw rocks and watch 'em roll

. . .

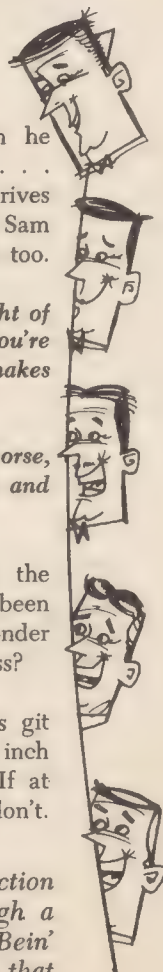
Goin' from slacks to sacks didn't improve the gals a bit. . . . No really big men have ever been born in Ridge Corner; only babies. . . . Wonder whatever become of that knock business?

. . .

Some folks go the way of the Lord, others git in the way of the Lord. . . . Give some kids an inch and they'll take the whole blame yard. . . . If at first you don't succeed don't worry, most folks don't.

. . .

Nickles make the most noise in the collection plates . . . A feller who kin sleep through a drippin' faucet has a clean conscience . . . Bein' sound as a dollar these days could mean that you're half dead . . . Wonder if the man in the moon ain't gittin' tired of bein' sniped at? . . .



The Old Timer can remember when things in ten-cent stores were 10 cents.

NEW OCCUPATION

Two fathers were discussing their children.

"What's your son going to be when he leaves college?" one asked.

"An old man probably," sighed the other.

THAT'S EVEN WORSE

Discovering that his lame alibi for staying out late had failed to appease his wife, he finally emphasized, "I'll give you my word."

"Thanks for the gift, darling," she sarcastically replied, "I knew you wouldn't forget our anniversary."

MEN ARE UNREASONABLE

The psychiatrist greeted his new patient.

Patient: "Doctor, I want to talk to you about my husband. He thinks I'm terribly extravagant."

Doctor (soothingly): "Oh, many husbands get such impressions. When did he first complain that you were extravagant?"

Patient: "This morning, just as I was putting on my mink eyelashes."



"Need any new locks or bolts, today, lady?"

GOOD OLD SATAN

"Good grief," said the long-suffering husband, "don't tell me you've bought another dress."

"But the devil tempted me," replied wifey.

"Why didn't you say, 'get behind me, Satan?'" hubby moaned.

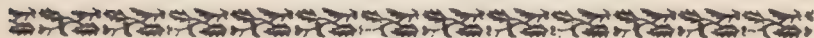
"I did," was wifey's sweet reply, "and he whispered in my ear, 'buy it, dear, it fits you perfectly at the back.'"

The man who visits a swimming pool and passes a pretty girl in a bathing suit without turning around may not necessarily be blind—he may be with his wife.



Your Christmas Card

At Christmas time when joy bells ring
And hearts are light and gay,
We turn the pages back again
For just one fleeting day.
And there the friends of yesteryear
Pass by in swift review —
It's something to have lived and known
A friend as fine as you.
Sometimes the skies have been o'ercast,
The sun refused to shine;
Sometimes the road has weary been
And hope was on decline;
But always came the cheering thought
And courage would renew —
It's something to have lived and known
A friend as fine as you.
At Christmas time when hearts rejoice
And all the world seems fair —
When selfishness is put aside,
We've happiness to share;
May fortune smile on you and yours
And light your path anew —
It's something to have lived and known
A friend as fine as you.



SHORT WAIT

"George," said the young co-ed in a nervous whisper as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait, you must give me time."

"How much?" asked the lovesick youth. "A week, a month, or even a year?"

"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the co-ed, "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud."

She said she'd do anything
for a Mink Coat . . . and now
she can't button it!

*"I like the simple friendliness
Of strangers on the street,
Who have the grace to say 'Hello'
To anyone they meet."*

GRAND IDEA

One married man: "I'm very happy. I have a wonderful home, a good job, and the finest wife in the country."

Another man: "Who wouldn't be happy with his wife in the country?"

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

"Are you satisfied with married life?" a bachelor who was contemplating it asked a married man.

"Yes, I'm satisfied," growled the married man. "I've had all I want of it."

THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS

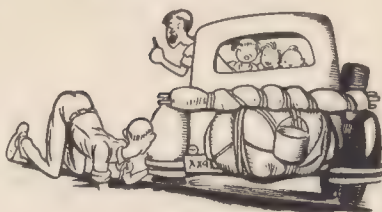
"Shure, an' it's married Oi am," said Pat to Mick, whom he had not seen for a long time.

"You don't mean it?"

"Faith, an' it's true. An' Oi've got a fine healthy bhoys an' the neighbors say he's the very picture of me."

"Niver moind what they say," said Mick. "What's the harm so long as the child's healthy?"

ONE OF THE FIRST



The tourist was driving a rather dilapidated automobile and had car trouble on a country road. A farmer sauntered up and stood watching him trying to figure out the difficulty.

"Well, what're you looking at?" snapped the irritated tourist. "Is this the first automobile you ever saw?"

"No, I don't think so," replied the farmer, dryly, "but it sure looks a lot like it."

UNEXPECTED RETURN

A young wife showed in one of the plushier salons with a black eye and explained her husband had given it to her.

"But I thought your husband was out of town this weekend," her friend said.

"So did I," exclaimed the young wife.

Our modern emphasis on personal hygiene makes it too easy for a man to confuse a clean shirt with a pure heart.

Sydney J. Harris

Modern Christmas Fable

By Joseph Charles Salak



It was a bitter cold December morning and the Savings and Loan Association had just opened when a tall, graceful young lady with blonde pressure entered. She approached the teller who was instantly aware of her physical presence and could find it working on him. He was never ashamed of the physical attraction a pretty girl had for him and so he simply stared at her.

"I want to borrow a dollar," the cutie blurted with a slight lisp.

"What for?" he asked.

"To buy a pair of nylon panties," she nervously lisped.

The teller drooping with holiday spirits was impressed by

her honesty. It was refreshing to meet a young lady determined to settle her own economic problems. He gathered the members (mostly men) of the Savings Association and introduced them to the blonde. They could not resist her virtuous charm and her attractive lisp fascinated them. They agreed to give her a much bigger surprise than she had bargained for.

After some impulsive exploration they escorted the lisping lovely to a fashionable lingerie shoppe and outfitted her with new panties. When offered several pairs of hose and other articles of an intimate nature, the shapely gal politely declined, saying, "A pair of nylon panties was all I asked for."

"Shucks, we're no pikers," exclaimed one of the group. "Here's two pair of panties."

Oozing wistfulness she insisted, "No!"

Surprised by her determined refusal they asked, "But why just one pair of panties?"

And to this day they are not sure whether she lisped, "My tale is told" or "My tail is cold!"

OH! NEVER MIND

Woman to psychiatrist: "Doctor, I'm in trouble. I can't remember a word that I've said."

"That's bad," said the doctor, "how long's this been going on?"

"How long has what been going on?" asked the lady.

IMPOSSIBLE

Two men were out fishing in the sea. After a time one of the men caught a Mermaid and, on landing her, he just looked her over and then threw her back into the sea.

"Why?" said his friend.

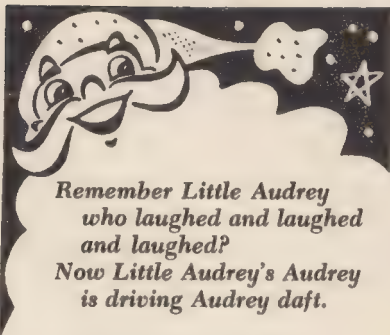
"How," came the answer.

NO ROOM FOR COMPLAINTS

A lady with a tight skirt was trying to step up into a bus and was having difficulty with the first large step. So she reached behind her and unzipped her skirt a little way, but still couldn't make it. She unzipped a little further but couldn't quite reach the step yet. After the third try a man standing in back of her gave her a swat on the behind and she jumped up into the bus with a haughty, "I beg your pardon!"

The man replied, "What are you complaining about? You unzipped my pants 3 times."

Marie Arndt



*Remember Little Audrey
who laughed and laughed
and laughed?*

*Now Little Audrey's Audrey
is driving Audrey daft.*

REVOLTING SITUATION

On being given work as a blacksmith the new employee was told by the foreman to make himself a hammer. After trying all day without success he decided to buy one on the quiet.

The following morning he put the hammer into the furnace to burn the newness off. He then showed it to the foreman, who, after inspecting it said, "That's fine, make another 50 like it!"

LIKE FATHER AND MOTHER

"Susan," scolded mother, "why do you yell and scream so? Play quietly like John. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't. That's our game. He's Daddy coming home late, and I'm you."

Radio announcers should start the mornings off with . . . "Who in blazes left this radio on all night?"

THE NEW LANGUAGE

One not accustomed to the language employed by chemists — male or female — could easily be deluded.

A fellow at General Tire called a doctor in the research laboratory there. A girl chemist answered the phone. She said the doctor was not around.

"Would you look for him?" she was urged. "It's very important."

"I can't right now," said the girl. "I'm having a reaction."

SIGN ON A DINER

This restaurant under new management. Owner married yesterday.

Jack Herbert



*Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who's never stopped and turned his head,
And said, "H'm, not bad."*

FULL HOUSE

Little Cindy was telling her grandmother about her birthday party.

"Oh, it was just swell, grandma," she said, "nineteen out of twelve came."

Mrs. Anna Herbert

PLEASE HELP, JOHN!

As unbelievable as this may sound, it is completely true. John Taylor of the *Tulsa World* staff, has embarked on a project to collect 20,000 empty cigarette packages.

If he gets that many, he says, and sends them to a specific place he will receive a free hi-fi set. He knows this is true because a sorority at Oklahoma State university got one this way, with the assistance of several thousand students.

Apparently it doesn't matter what brand, John says. He doesn't recall the address but when he approaches 20,000 packages, he can get it.

So if you want to help him out, mail all your empty cigarette packages to John Taylor, 938 S. Sandusky Ave., Tulsa. Incidentally, he doesn't smoke.

Painted on the back of a small Wiley Electric Co. truck: "Volts Wagon."

Tulsa Tribune

MATTER OF OPINION

House Detective: (over telephone to woman in room). "Are you entertaining a man in your room?"

She: "Just a minute. I'll ask him!"

TOUGH LUCK

"Drink," said the Irish vicar, "is the curse of the country. It makes ye quarrel with your neighbors. It makes ye shoot at yer landlord. And it makes ye miss him."

WELL QUALIFIED

Husband: You're terribly extravagant. If anything should happen to me, you would probably have to beg.

Wife: I'd get by; look at all the experience I've had.

VARIETY OF SPORTS

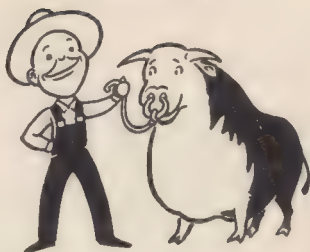
A South American was describing his country to an American tourist.

"Our most popular sport is bullfighting," he told her.

"Isn't it revolting?" she asked.

"No," smiled the man, "that's the second most popular sport."

SMART LAD



"Hey, mama, look — I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud. Everybody's looking. Keep still."

"But mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still or I'll take you home this very instant."

"Mama . . . wanta know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait till I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, mama — sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See, mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, mama, how I can tell, huh, mama?"

"Junior, please keep still. Mama'll get you anything you want if you'll please keep still."

"Well, mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose — that's how . . . See, mama?"

Point-of-no-return is reached when someone slops beer on the dress that was going to be taken back to the store next day.

M. J. Stinson



"Quick — my charcoal!"

PHOTOS TELL THE STORY

A merchant tried for many months to collect an overdue bill, but with no success. Finally, he sent a tear-jerking letter accompanied by a picture of his little daughter. Under it he wrote, "The reason I need the money."

By return mail came a photo of a voluptuous blonde in a Bikini bathing suit. It was captioned, "The reason I can't pay."

Bob Goddard

To avoid trouble and insure safety, breathe through your nose. It keeps the mouth shut.

SIGN IN A SMALL GROCERY STORE

We do not cash checks. At one time we did.

Jack Herbert

REVISED EDITION

A Dallas lady has recently been entertaining a 12-year-old nephew from Lafayette, La.

The other day he was overheard peddling this version of Cinderella in a soft, Cajun accent to his younger cousins:

"... and the fairy godmother waved her magic wand and she really rigged that doll out even down to that Playtex girdle."

HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

An immigrant had become quite wealthy and had ordered an architect to design for him a mansion with a "Halo Statue" in it.

"A 'Halo Statue?'" thought the designer. "He must mean the marble bust of a saint."

So the architect included the bust and had it set in the reception hall.

When the man for whom the house was intended saw it, he blew his top.

"No, no, no!" he shouted. And gesturing as with the cradle arm of Mr. Bell's invention, he said, "Halo! 'Stat you?"

Leo Aikman

*No matter what happens,
there's always somebody who
knew it would.*

ALL KINDS

*There were girls who made me happy,
There were girls who made me sad,
But the one girl I remember so aptly,
Was the one girl who never had.*

Joe Covington

WHERE'S THE LOOT

The pick-pocket's daughter was entertaining a young man one night. After bidding him good-night at the door, she started to her room, but was stopped by her father.

"I saw you kiss that guy good-night; come on give me his watch."

A. W. Stinson

FOOLISH, TOO!

Young Mrs. Reno was a devout follower of prevailing styles, consequently she and her three-year-old daughter had been wearing identical dresses known as "Mother and daughter dresses" for some time. A friend meeting her on the street one day noticed they were not dressed alike and mentioned the fact. Mrs. Reno said "That's right, but I think a maternity dress on my small daughter would look ridiculous, don't you?"

O. P. Faass

LAST CALL



A struggling boxer was taking some terrible punishment in his first professional fight. As he backed away to his corner he gasped to his second. "Throw in the towel, Joe."

"We ain't got no towel," was the reply, "Keep fighting."

More battered than ever, the boxer staggered round the ring and once again arrived at his corner and groaned:

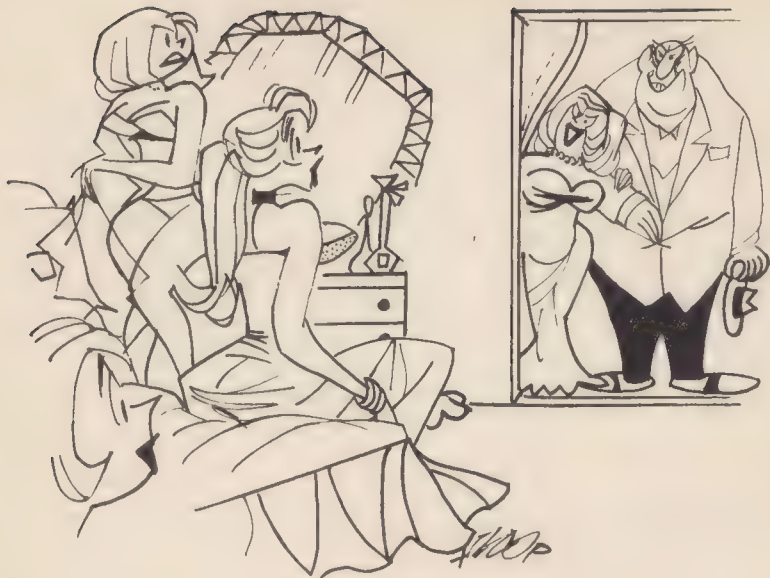
"Joe, throw in the sponge!"

"We ain't got no sponge, either," replied Joe.

"For Pete's sake throw in something," the boxer pleaded, "I don't think I'll be passing this way again!"

"The life of a church architect," said one recently, "is one constant battle with laymen who think the only way to reach heaven is through a Gothic arch."

Oren Arnold



"I want three volunteers . . ."

Laugh Book

G. C. Troop

FINANCIAL FIZZLE

One Sunday, a friend of mine told the story of the "loaves and fishes" to her class of six-year-old boys.

After listening intently, young Paul announced, "I think that was silly. Why didn't Jesus go to the store and buy something for the people to eat?"

"Well," said the teacher, "I guess He didn't have any money."

"No money?" yelled Paul. "What the dickens happens to all the money we take up every Sunday?"

Agnes M. Pharo

TASTE WILL TELL

Wife: "Look at these rags I'm wearing. They're so shabby if anyone came to our home they would think I was the cook."

Husband: "Not if they stayed for dinner."

Little Bit Of Nonsense

"This," said the door-to-door salesman at our door the other morning, "is a little item your neighbors said you couldn't afford."

J. Hyde Sweet

Overheard in a tearoom, one secretary to another: "My boss? You just can't help liking him — if you don't he fires you."

The trouble with an inferiority complex is that the people who ought to have one never do.

Presbyterian Life

When asked how it felt to attend the dedication of his own statue, the honored man said, "Well, somehow, you begin to feel differently about pigeons."

How can you keep eating at the Den?

It's easy. I just take a tablespoon of Drano 3 times a day.

Then there was the girl who thought it was the little things in life that counted until she entered a beauty contest.

The trouble with telling a good story is that it reminds the other guy of a dull one.

Wife: I think all men should wear something to show they are married.

Husband: Hell! ain't this hound-dog-look enough?

We heard of a fellow who hit upon the plan of hiding money from his wife by putting it in his kitchen apron pocket.

Overheard in a locker room:
"I love golf — it makes me forget who I'm married to and who I'm working for."

It has been proven that there is a woman behind every successful man. Napoleon had his Josephine; George Washington had Martha . . . even Heinz had his tomatoes!

Telegram sent by a new father to his mother: "Congratulations. You have just become a baby sitter."

Matt Love, when asked the likely effects of television on young people: "Square eyes and round bottoms."

Maybe we're old fashioned, but we still like sunback dresses. Especially the thin ones in which the gals look so good with the sun back of them.

Hugh Allen

CARPETS OF COURSE

Real estate agent: Now here is a house without a flaw.

Harvard graduate: Goodness, what do you walk on?

WORD DEFINED

The one young not-too-bright swain was working a crossword puzzle and he turned to his equally stunted associate and asked: "What the devil is a sachet?"

"Oh," replied his friend, "that is a little bag loaded with perfume."

"Now I know!" exclaimed the first one, "I was out with one of them last night."

SAME STORY — DIFFERENT CLOTHES

A smartly-dressed man ordered a very expensive dinner at a West End restaurant, and finished with a cigar and liqueur. Then he loudly asked to see the manager.

When the gentleman arrived the diner said quietly, "You don't remember me, do you?"

"I don't think I do, sir."

"About a year ago, think back . . . a ragged man came in and had a cheap lunch, then admitted he had no money. You threw him out. I was that man — remember?"

The flustered manager blushed. "Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm sorry old man, but I'll have to trouble you again!"



SHE'S OKAY

Psychiatrist: I believe your husband will soon get over the delusion that he is a refrigerator. Is it terribly annoying?

Wife: Yes. At night he sleeps with his mouth open and the little light keeps me awake.

3-DAY FORECAST

A weather forecaster had been arrested, and the judge found him guilty. He pronounced sentence:

"The fine is \$5 and report to the jail tomorrow to serve a sentence of 3 days."

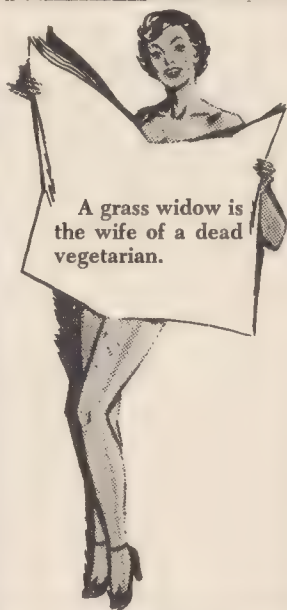
"Just as I predicted," the weather man muttered as he was led away, "fine today, cooler tomorrow."

WELL . . . THAT'S THAT

The members at one of the swankier country clubs in Akron are chuckling about a little tiff between two of that city's younger millionaires.

Nobody can recall how it started, but those two got into an argument about which one had the most money.

The noisy discussion came to an end when one snapped, "Well, you just list all your assets — and I'll bet I have more money in my front pockets right now than you have assets."



CUSTOMS VARY

In Sweden, when a door key is hung outside a door, it is a sign that the family is not at home.

In America, if this custom were followed, it would be a sign that the family are not all there.

REMEMBER THIS

*Those who drink while driving cars
Need this to remind them:
Motorists who visit bars
Could wind up behind them!*



"Tell your husband his secretary was in this morning and there's nothing to worry about."

Laugh Book

George Schlegel

LETTER FROM CHARLEY

Continued from Page 1

It was a mail man. And under his arm was a small box. Casting modesty to the winds and wondering what the wife had ordered now, I opened the door. A blast of wind bearing the chill of an early Fall, struck my spindly legs and protruding belly as I took the package. Thanking the man, I hastily closed the door.

Now what was this?

It was addressed to me, which is unusual. My mail comes to the office. I scanned the label and lo and behold it was something the Uncle Denver had sent me from Winchester, Indiana. Suddenly I had an idea what it might be. I sniffed the package inquiringly and from it came an unmistakable odor that confirmed my guess and filled me with sheer delight.

It was a box of paw paws!

Retiring to the seclusion of the breakfast nook again, I sat down to open my prize. And as I did so, time really turned backward in its flight.

How many years had it been since last I had feasted upon the succulent flavor of the paw paw, with its cloying sweetness? Let's see now, when was it?

It was down on the old Romizer farm, just south of the old Sugar Creek School, and the time was long before World War I blasted itself a niche in history. Even before Black Jack Pershing started chasing Pancho Villa across the Mexican horizon. Ye gods! That's 45 years ago!

Later at the office I revealed my good fortune of earlier in the morning.

"What's a paw paw?" some one asked.

"There ain't no such thing," volunteered someone else.

"Oh, yes there is," I exclaimed, unable to conceal my feelings that these poor people had nothing of the delight of eating paw paws. "It grows on what might be described as a large bush or a small tree in Indiana and are often referred to as the 'Indiana banana.'"

I tried to explain and got nowhere. I retreated to Noah Webster's great tome for assistance. And what do you think I found. Noah Webster didn't know a damn thing about paw paws either. Here's what his book says about 'em:

paw-paw' Same as papaw.

pa-paw' 1. A small brightly flowering tree, *Asimina triloba*, or its oblong sweetish fruit, growing in the United States.

2. A tree, *Carica Papaya*, or its fruit, growing throughout the tropics. The papaw grows to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, with a soft herbaceous stem naked nearly to the top, where the leaves issue on every side, on long footstalks. Between the leaves grow the flower and the fruit, which is of the shape of a melon. The juice is acrid and milky, but the fruit when boiled is eaten with meat, like other vegetables. The juice of the unripe fruit is a most powerful and efficient vermifuge, the powder of the

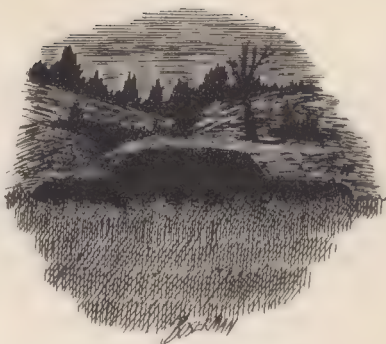
seed answering the same purpose. The juice of the leaves or the fruit has the singular property of rendering meat tender.

pa-pa'-ya Same as Papaw.

Now in the first place, who ever heard of a paw paw being pronounced paw paw with an accent on the second paw? Noah may be right about *Asimina triloba* but if he is, he quite evidently didn't know enough about the species to do it justice. Down in the *Carica Papaya* department he went all out describing something that he says is the same as a paw paw or a papaya. Maybe he's right about saying they're the same but the only thing I can agree with is what he says about the juice being a powerful vermifuge and my agreement on that point comes only after a lot of thought.

After I read that part I looked up the word "vermifuge" and found that it was a sort of a medicine that's used to expel worms from the human body. That got me started to thinking about Robert Bailey. Bob didn't like paw paws. He'd never eat the things. And to this very day he's still known as old Pin Worm Bailey and if he still has the things and happens to read this, now he'll know what to do about it. Just go out and eat a flock of paw paws and his worms will take their leave quietly.

Paw Paws were only one of the delicacies we searched for following the first frost. High on the list were hickory nuts, with their sweet and delicate flavor. And sad indeed was the boy who on his maiden effort brought home a sack of "hickory nuts" only to find that instead they were pig nuts and bitter as gall—totally unfit for human consumption. Next time he shunned hickory nuts with the thin outer shell, recognizing them for exactly what they were. And butternuts, the richest tasting of all the nuts. What a flavor! And every fall the hands of every boy were hopelessly stained a dark walnut brown from shelling the walnuts that would



"Your seams aren't straight."

Laugh Book

Wm. Boserman

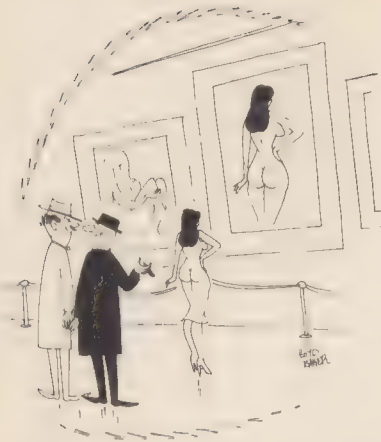
find their way into cakes or be eaten around the fireplace during long winter evenings. And beech nuts, too. The tiny three-cornered delicacies whose nutty goodness made it well worth your time to shuck them from their hulls. And last, but far from least, the hazel nuts and the chinquapins.

I can fairly see such characters as Louie Mendenhall, Nick Nichols, Johnny

**BIG
EYES
FOR A
COOL
YULE?**



**THEN DO DIG THE
BACK COVER**



"It wouldn't hurt to ask!"

Laugh Book

Lloyd Baker

Carter, Francis Simpson, et al as they roll back their own curtains of the past as they read here — and remember.

Fall was a time of sheer gluttony as we enjoyed the blessings of a bountiful harvest. The apples and the turnips were harvested and buried against the frost of the winter. The corn was shucked and thrown in the cribs and the first hogs were butchered. The hams and sides of bacon were cured; the sausage, the ribs and backbone fried down for future use. Gluttony indeed! Epicurean delights the likes of which are found no more, much to the sorrow of the world.

Fresh boiled pork and turnips; sausage that tasted like sausage; ham and bacon cured to perfection with a delicacy of flavor never since attained. And around the fire at night, apples, nuts and parched corn washed down with huge gulps of sweet cider.

Well, you know what I've done?

I've sat here and written about food until my appetite will no longer be denied. And me on a diet. The trouble seems to be that as a kid I put on a

much too solid foundation and have been building on it ever since. Right now I'm going to dig out and eat that last of the paw paws that Uncle Denver sent me — sweet, rich and ripe.

And in the eating I'm gonna feel kinda sorry for the folks around the office here. I let them try the paw paws and they didn't particularly care for them. Poor souls — they don't know what good eating really is. Born thirty years too damn late they never had a chance to learn about food except as it comes from a can or out of a box.

See you all again next month and until then, laugh a lot and be good to yourself.

Sincerely,



TWO'S A CROWD

A woman lived adjacent to a private zoo. She informed the police that she had a skunk in her cellar.

"Make a trail of breadcrumbs from the cellar to the garden and wait for the skunk to follow it outside," advised the police officer.

Half an hour later the woman rang a second time.

"Now what, madam," said the officer, recognizing her voice.

"I did what you told me — now I've got two skunks in my cellar."

CHOOSE YOUR MATE CAREFULLY

Susie, a very attractive woman, had been through several marriages and divorces and had produced no children. Soon after her last marriage it was evident the stork had caught up with her. When a friend asked her to explain how this had come about, Susie told this version of her story:

The first time I married my man was a minister, and you know they are interested in saving things. My second marriage was to a lawyer, and he wanted to talk about things. The third time I married it was to a doctor, and everybody knows they are interested in examining

ABZ BABY SHOPPE



things. But this time, honey, I married a farmer, and he just plowed right on in. I'd say a girl ought to be mighty choosy in the occupation her man has.

Mrs. L. O. Chaffin

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

The man shook his head wonderingly. "Just look at this suit I'm wearing," he observed. "The wool was grown in Australia, the cloth was woven in New England, and the thread comes from India. The suit was made in Baltimore and I bought it in Buenos Aires."

"What's so remarkable about that?" asked his friend.

"Isn't it wonderful," mused the wearer of the suit, ignoring the interruption, "that so many different people can make a living out of something I haven't paid for?"

BETTER USE GUM

Arizona Ike: What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?

Badger Pete: Oh, he was brushin' his teeth with some of that new-fangled tooth paste and one of the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him!

An English master, confronted with what to put on a boy's report when he knew the youngster was cheating but couldn't prove it, finally came up with: "Forging his way steadily ahead!"



WON BY DEFAULT

The flag man was the chief witness in a railway collision between a motor car and an express train, and he well knew that the case depended on his testimony. Under cross-examination he said he had waved his lantern frantically, but the car driver had not paid the slightest attention.

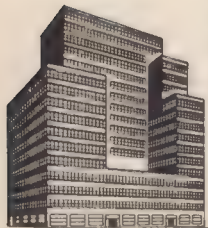
Later the Superintendent called the flag man to his office to compliment him on the way he had stuck to his story. "You did wonderful," he said. "I was afraid at first you might waver in your story."

"Not me, Sir," was the reply, "but I was afraid every minute that lawyer was going to ask me if the lantern was lit."

HEAVEN BOUND

The little boy was visiting a large city for the first time in his life. His father had decided to take him up to the top floor of the tallest building to give him an unforgettable view of the city. As they stepped into the elevator and started speeding toward the top, the boy was obviously impressed. By the time they had reached the twentieth floor, the little boy was sure they would never stop going up. He looked at his father, big eyes shining with excitement. "Does God know we're coming?"

Milton O. Lundstrom



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Charley Jones LAUGH BOOK Magazine published MONTHLY at Wichita, Kansas for December, 1959.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Charles E. Jones, 321 South Clifton, Wichita, Kansas; Editor, Charles E. Jones, 321 South Clifton, Wichita, Kansas; Managing editor, Ceora Raymond, 1712 N. Meridian, Wichita, Kansas; Business manager, Ceora Raymond, 1712 N. Meridian, Wichita, Kansas.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Charles E. Jones, 321 S. Clifton, Wichita, Kansas.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other security are, (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraph 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

Charles E. Jones

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1959.

Catherine Shaner

(My commission expires Dec. 31, 1960.)



An Out-of-this-world
gift idea!

SEE BACK COVER

REALLY PAINFUL

"My wooden leg is giving me a lot of pain," sighed the patient.

"How can a wooden leg give you pain?" asked the doctor.

The patient explained, "My wife hit me over the head with it."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

"Once and for all I want to know who is the boss in this house?" shouted the irate husband.

"As long as you don't know, you'll be much happier dear!" replied his wife sweetly.

Cinderella lost her slipper,
And her sister thought it shocking
For when Prince Charming called
next day
He also had her stocking.

SNAP-BACK



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Many a man's good fortune is due to the willpower of a deceased relative!

"I'll bet you've kissed girls all over the map," said the wench to the slick sailor.

"You said it, sister," replied the naval man, ". . . and their hands!"

HOW TRUE!

"What are you so sad about, darling?" asked the fond bridegroom of his bride on the evening before their wedding.

"I was just thinking dearest. This will be our last evening together as lovers," she replied.

QUITE A PROBLEM

A young lady visiting in Mexico was given a Chihuahua puppy as a going away gift. At the airport she was told she could not take it on the plane. Going back to the ladies' rest room she proceeded to place the small pup in her shirt waist and then boarded the plane.

She soon became uncomfortable and began to squirm frantically. After telling her seat companion about her dilemma, he asked her if the animal was housebroken. "It isn't that," the young lady replied, "but I don't think he's been weaned."

O. P. Faass

A WONDERFUL IDEA

Teacher had been giving a talk to some of the girls about the rearing and welfare of children. "Now, dear," she asked the first, "What would you do if you had twins?"

"I'd love them both just as much," was her answer.

"And what would you do?" she asked a second girl.

"I'd give them everything alike to stop jealousy," was the reply.

"Now," teacher asked the wise girl of the class, "What would you do?"

"Please, miss," answered the girl, "I think I'd get married!"



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She: "Where is your chivalry?"

He: "I traded it in for a Buick."

The best way to keep the wolf away from the door is to be sure your daughter is ready when he toots the horn!

A father is a thing that is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic.

Paul Harvey

*For all the sage advice he gave
She didn't care two figs;
But sent her husband to his grave
With little daily digs.*

Sign on a tourist court in Tennessee — "King Arthur's Court, For A Knight Well Spent."

Vernon Moore

Tepid water taken before a meal is reputed to aid digestion — could be, but restaurants shouldn't call it soup.

Lady: "Is your husband broad-minded?"

Wife: "Yes, the cad. That's all he seems to think about."

Definition of a perfect wife: "A beautiful, rich, sex-starved, deaf and dumb mute who owns a liquor store."

Fred F. Lynch

In the game of love, if you have the jack, you can take the queens.

No girl ever told a man he talked too much as long as he confined himself to how much he loved her.

Patient: "Doctor, I've got amnesia."

Doctor: "How long have you had it?"

Patient: "Had what?"

Toys being manufactured for this Christmas will be so simple any child and many adults will be able to operate them.

J. C. Salak

MEN ARE FUNNY

*The hat a woman buys at the store
Must be unlike the one before,
Whereas a man will batter, bend and
fold one
Until it looks just like the old one!*



"There's something I've got to get off my chest, Mary!"

Most husbands know how to manage a wife—but their wives won't let them.

Texans don't care how hot it gets if it'll only melt Alaska down below the size of Texas.

THOUGHTFUL SON

An 11-year-old was speculating what he would do if he had a million dollars. After he ran through such essential purchases as a speedboat, pony, ice cream parlor and the like, he turned to his mother, age 32.

"And I would save enough to send you to the old folks' home."

Then, doubtless fearing he had not demonstrated sufficient filial piety, he inquired solicitously:

"Or do you have another choice?"



FARMER

"Come on Tiger, let's not be defeatists!"

Laugh Book

D. L. Farmer

CAN'T BLAME HIM

Wife: "Why did you stop singing in the choir, Thomas?"

Thomas: "Well, one Sunday I was sick, and didn't sing, and a lot of people in the congregation asked if the organ had been fixed."

*Wonder how many husbands
wish they had been faint-
hearted?*

YULETIDE

*Through miles of tape and tissue
We fight our way, all in,
Wondering where wrappings end
And where the gifts begin.*

TOO MANY PROBLEMS

A young man had written in the hope of renting a flat. The reply came, but with the P.S., "I object to children."

To this he replied: "Dear Madam, I sympathize with you, but don't tell me, tell your husband."

SECRET REVEALED

Herb was looking through some old letters in a trunk when he came across some sent to him by his oldest son during the war. "Dear Pa," the first one read, "I can't tell you where I am, but yesterday I shot a polar bear."

Another letter dated several months later said, "Dear Pa, I can't tell you where I am, but yesterday I danced with a hula girl."

The last letter was dated two months later and said, "Dear Pa, I can't tell you where I am, but the doctor tells me I should have danced with the polar bear and shot the hula girl."



"Is it a boy? Yes, I think there's one amongst them!"

DATE FULFILLED

Boss: "Young man you told me yesterday afternoon you had a date with your dentist."

Junior: "Yes, sir, I did."

Boss: "But I saw you at the ball game."

Junior: "Yes, sir, the tall man sitting next to me was my dentist."

DILEMMA

Santa has his problems,

But now it's even rougher.

Won't television aerals

Make roof-top landings tougher?

A 10-year-old, asked at school to write a theme about an American novelist, put it this way: "She was born in 1867. Today she is in her nighties."

"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes, what can we do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"



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If life begins at 40, that explains why so many people in their mid-fifties act as if they were in their teens.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Chaperone: "I just saw a young man on the back porch trying to kiss your daughter."

Mother: "Did he succeed?"

Chaperone: "Well, no, he didn't."

Mother: "Then it wasn't my daughter."

A. W. Stinson

NO FAVORITES

It was well-known in the district that she was keeping company with two of the local boys.

"Don't you ever get Fred and Bill confused?" asked one of her friends, cattily.

"Yes, I do," was the calm reply. "I get Fred confused one night and Bill the next!"

NOTHING CHEAP

A woman who had just become the mother of her twelfth child complained to her husband that their perambulator was getting shabby and added that they really should have a new one.

"I don't mind," replied the husband, "but get a strong one this time, one that will last a bit."

FIRST BUSINESS MAN: I've got a pretty good office boy now but the little rascal whistles while he works.

SECOND BUSINESS MAN: You're lucky—mine just whistles.

Gene Yassenak

TACTFUL APPROACH

Mr. Newlywed was rather disappointed with his wife who was not too house-proud. He racked his brain for a way of giving his wife a hint without causing an argument. After deep thought he exclaimed:

"Mary! What happened to the dust by the telephone? I had a number written in it."

QUITE REWARDING

*A little bird sat on a tree and blinked
his beady eye,
And as he sat there chirruping,
Miss Mabel Brown passed by,
When poor Miss Brown got home
she whispered with a sigh,
"There's still one thing to comfort me,
Thank goodness cows can't fly."*

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM

"Although you say you smoke two or three packets of twenty cigarettes every day, you seem quite happy. Don't these stories of tobacco causing cancer worry you?"

"Why should they? I only smoke the packets — not the cigarette!"

BROTHERS NO DOUBT

Two men were swimming in the ocean. "Help!" called one, "a shark has just bitten my leg."

"Which one?" called his anxious friend.

"How do I know . . . all sharks look alike to me."



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GO, MAN, GO!



He was an apprentice undertaker and his first job came along. With his boss, late at night, they set off for the house carrying the measuring tape. Upstairs they went and found the man lying on the bed.

"What do I do, sir?" he queried nervously.

"Take this tape, lad, and stretch it down to the toes."

The apprentice took the tape down the body and then noticed that the man's legs were bent at the knees. "What do I do, sir?" he asked again.

"See that piece of wood over there? Well, get hold of it in both hands and knock the legs down until they're straight."

The apprentice did this and the body, with a groan of agony, sat up in bed.

Terrified, the apprentice asked, "What do we do, sir?"

"Run like heck, lad," came the reply, "... we're in the wrong house!"

Then there was the girl who was vogue from the neck down and vague from the neck up.

*The cow stood on the hillside,
Its skin was smooth as silk;
It slipped upon a cowslip
And sprained a pint of milk.*

STILL A BABY

Two schoolgirls were discussing their latest boy-friends. "What's John like?" asked one.

"He's perfectly harmless," answered her companion. "He only shaves once every ten days!"

SOLID, MAN, SOLID!

There was a young lady named Harris,

Whom nothing would ever embarrass,

*'Till the bath salts one day
In the bath where she lay,
Turned out to be Plaster of Paris!*

**BIG
EYES
FOR A
COOL
YULE?**



**THEN DO DIG THE
BACK COVER**

A halo has to slip only a few inches to become a noose.

There are two kinds of people on earth—those who lift, and those who lean!

A survey shows that wives of many Democrats are Republicans. This proves that bedfellows make strange politics.

The awkward age is when you're too old to be a tax exemption and too young for an old age pension.

J. C. Salak

BEATNIK MARKET REPORT

Along about 3:45 or 4 a.m. each day Don Doty of KSTP in Minneapolis puts on a Gerry Mulligan record and reads the livestock, butter and egg reports. He calls it the "Urban-Rural Beatnik Market Summary."

"Urban listeners who may not care about the market information can get their kicks from the music," Doty explains. "Rural listeners who may not dig Mulligan will get the latest market news."

Sample report: "Like that cattlesville was slowsville yesterday, man. In Chi, slaughter steers were like steady at \$13.65-\$13.90 . . ."

Minneapolis Tribune

TWO OF A KIND

First salesman: "I had a big day today. Made a lot of friends for the company."

Second salesman: "I didn't sell anything, either."

SHE KNEW HER VINTAGE

It was the first time she had been to dinner with him, and he smiled indulgently as she refused a Scotch and soda.

"I've never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try?" urged her host. "See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured her out a mixture, which she delicately raised to her lips.

"Why," she cried, "you've given me Irish whiskey!"



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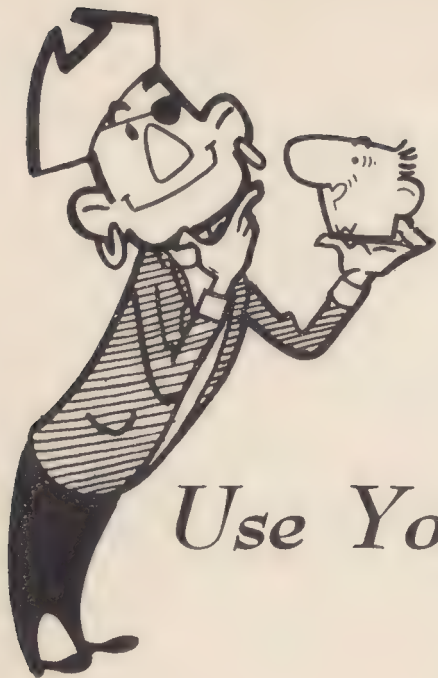


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Use Your Head

*It's The Little Things
That Count*

HAVE FUN! Ten reprints of the above card, attractively printed on heavy cardboard, for only \$1. Order from LAUGH BOOK, 438 N. Main, Wichita, Kans.

Home is a place where a man can do exactly as he pleases, if he doesn't mind a lot of arguments.

A farmer isn't the only one who knows enough to pick the tomatoes before they're so ripe they drop from the vine.

L. D. Klimek

Then there was the man who crossed a Kangaroo with a Bear so that he could get a fur coat with pockets.

Gert: "I've had the pleasure of saying 'No' to many men."

Maisie: "Really! What were they selling?"

Many men are still romantic even after ten years of marriage . . . until their wives find out about it.

J. C. Salak

THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANYMORE

A woman who operated a boarding house was reading the Bible, and came across this passage:

"Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions for conscience sake."

She sighed and said, "Ah! What a wonderful boarder he would have made."



"Now ain't that a helluva place for a major's insignia?"

Laugh Book

Alfred Rosenberg

NO CO-OPERATION

Two young fellows were talking about tennis the other day.

"When I see the ball flying towards me," said the first chap, "my brain shouts orders to my body, telling it to jump, skip, and run like lightning."

"What happens then?" asked the other.

"Then," sighed the first chap, "my body says — Who? Me?"

Little Willie feeling fine, stole his father's favorite wine,

Mother seeing he was plastered cried: "Go to bed you little boozehound!"

A Colored Sketch of You

Drawn by Louis Magila, Noted Cartoonist



Here's your chance to get a personal drawing of yourself that you will value through the years. Our artist will sketch you at work or play for only five dollars.

Don't miss out on this novel offer! Each drawing is 5½" wide by 8½" high and suitable for framing. The sketch will show you full-length, engaged in your favorite occupation! Each caricature carefully executed in dramatic colors!

HERE IS ALL YOU DO

Enclose a good snapshot of yourself. Features on the face should be clear for best results. On the back of the snapshot jot down this information:

Age _____

Color of eyes _____

Color of hair _____

Hobby _____

Address _____

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Dress up your den or desk with your color portrait.

Laugh Book Magazine — 438 No. Main St., Wichita, Kansas

A musically inclined family was taken aback recently when their young daughter inquired whether a sextet was a boy and girl singing together.

ANOTHER TONGUE-TWISTER

We haven't run across a new tongue-twister in a blue moon, but here is one. The only way to say it, though, is aloud and fast: Twixt six thick thumbs stick six thick sticks.

FACT YOU CAN FILE AND FORGET

Ever wonder about the origin of the word "Tuxedo," man's semi-formal dinner coat?

Well, it races back to a very hoity-toity residential community, called Tuxedo Park, which was on a lake named Tuxedo, about 40 miles from New York City. The short dinner coat as contrasted with the formal tailcoat — was invented and accepted by the men there, and came to be named "Tuxedo."

That is the widely-accepted story, but it's only part of it. Tuxedo lake, as a name, was an English corruption of an Indian word, "p'tuksito." And "p'tuksito" was the tribe's name for "wolf."

Therefore, ma'am, if you see a man clad in a tuxedo heading your way, beware of the wolf.

Roger V. Devlin

NOT EQUIPPED

Pa: "Think I'll go out and paint the town red this Saturday night."

Ma: "You ain't got the brush for it, Pa."

EXCELLENT TEACHERS

A man and wife, tussling with with the kid's grammar, have been working especially hard on teaching them to say "I haven't any" instead of "I haven't none."

They taught better than they knew when the family was riding by a hospital, one of the youngsters saw two nuns entering the building.

"Oh, look," she exclaimed. "There are two anys."





Laugh Book readers are cordially invited to send along their comments and opinions for publication here. No payment is made for their use nor are any letters returned. It is impossible to use all letters received but those most typical are published.

Charlie: Here's my sub for another year. This is one service I cannot do without. It's tops. — Everett Conover, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

That comment, my friend, coming from such a celebrated humorous speaker as yourself, is one of the finest compliments ever. And thank you very much. — CEJ

Dear Charley: I have been a reader of the LBM for some years. I like it very much but if you don't stop making jokes about us bachelors I am going to quit borrowing it.

The last time I got it from my news stand my landlady gave me hell. I put some potatoes on the stove and started to read the mag and forgot all about them until she came up to tell me the whole house stinks. "Why don't you find yourself a decent wife and forget about those dirty jokes?" she asked. But what should I have told her the next day when I caught her reading it?

I am a bachelor of 33 and if anyone cares to write I sure would

be glad to hear from them. — Sincerely, Maurice Luthiger, Medicine Hat, Alta., Canada.

Look, Maurice, cut out that damn foolishness about borrowing it and stick with the fellow down at the news stand. We've got to eat, too. Ain't that landlady of yours the sneaky one? And pass our comment along. If the right one writes you and all goes well (or maybe not so well) you may wind up with something worse than just burned potatoes. — CEJ

Dear Charley: Please notify your readers when they answer ads to hold on to the ad and just send check and note.

I received in error Buddy Morris D. J. Gag Service's check and he in turn received mine. I've written to Buddy, included self-stamped addressed envelope, no reply; can't make out the subscribers name (I believe somewhere in Canada). If this party reads your note please tell him to shoot along his name and address, I'll forward his year's subscription. Thank you. Harry S. Donen, 2065 Creston Ave. 1, Bronx 53, N. Y.

Come on, Buddy — trade checks with the man! And look, Harry, if that subscriber had not included the ad, how would you have known Buddy's address? We're used to reading way bills off the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley RR and if you'll send that name and address along, we'll try to decipher it for you. — CEJ

Dear Mr. Charles E. Jones, or shall I call you "Charley"!

Excuse the flattery but the way you edit your *Laugh Book* makes me laugh — as I am sure it does to your enormous number of readers all over the globe. Don't knock your Kansas humor and Earl Wilson's Column. Keep making 'em laugh! Laughingly yours, Hafeez Sufi, Associated Press of Pakistan, Karachi, Pakistan.

Mission accomplished! That's exactly what we edit the Laugh Book for — to make people laugh. And we're always delighted to hear from readers in your part of the world. — CEJ

Dear Charlie: My wife and I have greatly enjoyed your magazine for a number of years and yet you won't even find our name on your subscription lists. Her sister has been a subscriber to *Laugh Book* for many years and when she has finished enjoying it she passes it on to us. My wife usually doesn't get to see it for quite some time as I pack it off to work and keep it there until I finish. I take it along with me on my "Latrine Break"; this way I get an extra relief from a hard day of head pounding at the desk.

I am not good at remembering jokes so when I get together with the salesmen and shopmen I rely on "good old Charley Jones' material." I am still fooling them into thinking I am witty.

Well as I was saying my sister-in-law supplies me with *Laugh*

Books for which I am thankful but I just hate to say thanks. So as the man says, "If you don't know how to say thanks — a check will do." So I am enclosing my check to pay for her next two years' subscription.

Thanks for the many hours of pleasure you have given us all. Very truly yours, Ken Feldmann.

Thank you, Ken — we've taken care of everything. Even to sending your sister a gift announcement. That's mighty thoughtful of you and if only more borrowers would be like that. But what about a subscription of your own? Do the copies have to come to you second hand? — CEJ

Dear Charley: Last year Emma wrote the check, put it aside and forgot to send it. It won't happen again. I have been a member of the *Laugh Book* Family too long to have my subscription expire.

We take a number of magazines but none since my retirement nine years ago has offered me as much joy and comfort as *Laugh Book*.

I believe my subscription will expire next January. With this check I am starting my fourteenth year. The many laughs your magazine has given me has made me have many happy, enjoyable hours of reading.

Most cordially yours, George B. Side, Denver, Colo.

So Emma is the forgetful member of the family? But ask her and she'll point a finger at you! I've read your letter over several

times and I honestly believe it is one of the finest and most sincere we've ever received. It set me back on my hunkers to realize that we've been publishing this for over 16 years. Thanks. — CEJ

Dear Charley: Just few short lines to let you know how much I enjoy and use *Laugh Book*. Can't tell you exactly when I started reading LB, but I entered the Air Force in June of 1954 and have missed very few issues since then.

Having been a DJ for four years now (one year commercially and the last three with AFRS) your mag gets quite a workout on my programs. Sure miss the military section you used to have, but still find some jokes very appropriate for military life.

Being an adopted TEXAN (originally from Illinois) I usually hear a few Texas type jokes, but so far have not heard a new one. (I'll change that, I just finished the Aug. 59 issue; got a big laugh out of the one on page 30. There may be more area in Alaska, but "you don't count the ice.")

Been trying to think of more compliments for LB, but all your previous readers have said everything I could so I'll just add, keep up the good work. Yours for bigger and better laughs, George Rumble, Jr., USAF.

Look out, George — we've got readers in Alaska, too! And they're extra sensitive. Nice hearing from you and one of these days I wonder if you'd plug the Laugh Book

a tiny little bit. You know — just for the hell of it. Maybe one of your listeners might ease over toward the BX and buy one — also just for the hell of it. About six months ago we sold completely out at one BX. There was something in here about an Airman. He saw it — ran to the BX — and bought up every copy before any one else had a chance. Terrible way to get circulation but who are we to complain. Let's hear from you again some time, George. And thanks. — CEJ

Dear Charlie: Enclosed is my check for 3 more "fun" years with *Laugh Book*. I really think I enjoy your letter each month fully as much as the stories — so keep up the good work.

Things didn't work out for us to return to Idaho for our Silver Anniversary but it looks like we might make it this next New Years Eve — I still want a party like you had on your 25th! Sincerely, Mrs. Wm. Tatro, La Mesa, Calif.

Poor you! Never let it be said that you haven't tried to throw that party. And here's hoping next year for sure. One thing for certain, when you finally do pull that party, please do send us pictures. And thanks for the sub. — CEJ



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